

THE
MONTHLY RECORD
OF THE
Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XX.

APRIL, 1877.

No. 12.



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SEYMOUR DURST

Five Points House of Industry.

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WILLIAM F. BARNARD, Superintendent.

Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of _____ dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

MONTHLY RECORD

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EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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NOTICE.

THE annual meeting of the Board of Incorporators of the Five Points House of Industry stands adjourned to Wednesday, April 11th, at 4 o'clock, P. M. A full attendance is desired, as the Annual Report is to be presented and officers for the year chosen.

REMINISCENCE.

WE have lately been looking over some of the back history of the House of Industry, and noting its increase steadily, both as regards work and support, and have been struck with the fact of the wonderful goodness of the Lord in carrying on, for so many years, the operation of so large a charity by only the most simple of means. It is frequently the case that we are troubled, as we think of the amount of money that is necessary to support us for a single year, and wonder how it can be that we shall ever be able to meet the frequent recurring bills. We are compelled to borrow and are often at our wit's end to know how we shall pay, but yet, in the Lord's own time, we are delivered. We feel that our work may well be termed a work of faith, for we have no regular set of contributors on whom we can surely rely, and as we do not employ a regular solicitor we rely upon the generosity of those in whose hearts the Lord graciously awakens an interest for our little people.

WILLY'S WIFE.

THE road is long and rough, you see,
Far stretching o'er the prairie ;
And if his father went—why, I
Must stay and mind the dairy.
Perhaps an idle tear I dropped
To see him mount the filly,
And go alone to bless the banns
Of our dear boy, our Willy!

A week of days is passed since then,
Each longer than the other,
So strange it is to think he's wed
And I not there—his mother!
So strange, when he, a toddling thing,
Got all my care so freely ;
Well, care and kisses wait to-day
For Willy's wife and Willy.

What's that you say ? That I've not seen,
And so I may not love her !
Not love *his* ! Why, troops of girls
Might lift their heads above her.
Ay, all the girls might fairer be
In bloom of rose and lily ;
But dearer than the best to me
Would be the wife of Willy.

'Tis true he's young. 'Twere well, perhaps,
He'd waited just a little ;
A lover's knot too early tied
May prove, alas ! but brittle.
Yet old folks often make mistake
In thinking young folks silly,
And what's the use to question now,
She's wife of my boy Willy !

O, ay, be sure, some other might
Have lined with gold his pocket ;
But I have seen full many a stick
Come down from costly rocket
And yet—I hinted to the boy
His own short purse ; and still he
But scorned the hint. Well, love's enough
To dower the wife of Willy.

For Willy, let me tell you now,
Is not the one to falter
In doing what an honest man
Has promised at the altar ;

'Twill be no fault of idle ways,
If later times prove chilly ;
No need, I wis, for aught but love
With this young wife of Willy !

And that a wife brings love, I'm sure
Should make a mother kindly ;
The mother, if she's wise at all,
Will scan a little blindly ;
For smooth the ruts as smooth we may
Life's path will yet be hilly ;
There's many a flint to prick the feet
Of e'en the wife of Willy.

So keep your doubts, no longer jest
Because I'm anxious waiting
To clasp my darlings to my breast
And bless their early mating.
I spake full loud to stay the match ;
But now my finger stilly
Is placed upon my lip—since she
Is mine, the wife of Willy.

She's Willy's wife, and so's she's mine.
Mine own dear, darling daughter ;
If they're one flesh, they're but one blood
And " blood is more than water."
Then hold your peace about the charms
Of Susan or of Milly ;
I tell you, friend, she's best of all,
This wife of my boy Willy.

Lo ! here they are, the blessed pair !
My precious boy, my rover—
And with him one to crown his days !
Look ! who could help but love her ?
Come, father, shut the kitchen door,
The winds without blow shrilly,
But what care we, beside the fire,
With Willy's wife and Willy !

The bread is white upon the board,
The kettle bravely simmers,
The red flame dances up the wall
Where shining pewter shimmers ;
The neighbors come and greetings bring
In welcome, " will he, nill he :"
O happy day that lights the home
With Willy's wife and Willy !
—Mary B. Dodge, in *Christian at Work*

Though we must never be weary of the Lord's work, the sooner we weary of Satan's the better.—Gal. vi. 9 ; 1 Peter iv. 3.

"BUDGE'S" STORY OF JOSEPH.

"BUDGE," said I, "what do you do Sundays when your papa and mamma are home? What do they read to you,—what do they talk about?"

"Oh, they swing us—lots!" said Budge, with brightening eyes.

"An' zey takes us to get jacks," observed Toddie.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Budge; "jacks-in-the-pulpit—don't you know?"

"Hum—ye—es; I do remember some such thing in my youthful days. They grow where there's plenty of mud, don't they?"

"Yes, an' there's a brook there, an' ferns, an' birchbark, an', if you don't look out, you'll tumble into the brook when you go to get birch."

"An' we goes to HAWKSNEST Rock," piped Toddie, an' papa carries us up on his back when we gets tired."

"An' he makes us whistles," said Budge.

"Budge," said I, rather hastily, "enough. In the language of the poet,

'These earthly pleasures I resign,'

and I'm rather astonished that your papa hasn't taught you to do likewise. Don't he ever read to you?"

"Oh, yes," cried Budge, clapping his hands, as a happy thought struck him.

"He gets down the Bible—the great *big* Bible, you know—an' we all lay on the floor, an' he reads us stories out of it. There's David, an' Noah an' when Christ was a little boy, an' Joseph, an' turnback Pharo's army hallelujah—"

"And what?"

"Turnback Pharo's army hallelujah," repeated Budge.

* * * * *

"Don't you know how Moses held out his cane over the Red Sea, an' the water went way up one side, an' way up the other side, and all the Isralites went across? It's just the same thing as *drownold* Pharo's army hallelujah—don't you know?"

"Let's have Bible stories first," said I. "The Lord mighten't like it if you didn't learn anything good to-day."

"Well," said Budge, with the regulation religious-matter-of-duty face, "let's. I guess I like 'bout Joseph best."

"Tell us 'bout Bliaff," suggested Toddie.

"Oh' no, Tod," remonstrated Budge; "Joseph's coat was just as bloody as Goliath's head was." Then Budge turned to me and explained that "all Tod likes Goliath for is 'cause when his head was cut off it was all bloody." And then Toddie—the airy sprite whom his mother described as being irresistibly drawn to whatever was beautiful—Toddie glared upon me as a butcher's apprentice might stare at a doomed lamb, and remarked:—

"Bliaff's head was all bluggy, an' David's sword was all bluggy—bluggy as everyfing."

I hastily breathed a small prayer, opened the Bible, turned to the story of Joseph, and audibly condensed it as I read:—

"Joseph was a good little boy whose papa loved him very dearly. But his brothers didn't like him. And they sold him, to go to Egypt. And he was very smart, and told people what their dreams meant, and he got to be a great man.

And his brothers went to Egypt to buy corn, and Joseph sold them some, and then he let them know who he was. And he sent them home to bring their papa to Egypt, and then they all lived there together."

"That ain't it," remarked Toddie, with the air of a man who felt himself to be unjustly treated, "Is it, Budge?"

"Oh, no," said Budge, "you didn't read it good a bit; I'll tell you how it is. Once there was a little boy named Joseph, an' he had eleven budders—they was *awful* eleven budders. An' his papa gave him a new coat, an' his budders hadn't nothin' but their old jackets to wear. An' one day he was carryin' 'em their dinner, an' they put him in a deep, dark hole, but they didn't put his nice new coat in—they killed a kid, an' dipped the coat—just think of doin' that to a nice new coat—they dipped it in the kid's blood an' made it all bloody."

"All bluggy," echoed Toddie, with ferocious emphasis. Budge continued:—"But there were some Ishmalites comin' along that way, and the awful eleven budders took him out of the deep dark hole, an' sold him to the Ishmalites, an' they sold him away down in Egypt. An' his poor old papa cried, an' cried, an' cried, cause he thought a big lion ate Joseph up; but he wasn't ate up a bit; but there wasn't no post-office nor choochooos, [railway cars] nor stages in Egypt, an' there wasn't any telegraphs, so Joseph couldn't let his papa know where he was; an' he got so smart, an' so good that the king of Egypt let him sell all the corn an' take care of the money; an' one day some men came to buy some corn, an' Joseph looked at 'em an' there they was his own budders! An' he scared 'em like everything; I'd have *siapped* 'em all if I'd been Joseph, but he just scared 'em, an' then he let 'em know who he was, an' he kissed 'em an' he didn't whip 'em, or make 'em go without their breakfast, nor stand in a corner nor none of them things; an' then he sent 'em back for their papa, an' when he saw his papa comin', he ran like everything, and gave him a great big hug and a kiss. Joseph was too big to ask his papa if he'd brought him any candy, but he was awful glad to see him. An' the king gave Joseph's papa a nice farm, an' they all had real good times after that."

"And they dippe'd the coat in the blood, an' made it all bluggy," reiterated Toddie.—*Helen's Babies.*

THE RECORD.

WE desire to call our reader's attention to the subscription price of our RECORD. Our carrier is now collecting the annual bills, and we shall regard it is a strong encouragement in our work if our friends will pay the one dollar. Please consider the money as a donation to the House of Industry, with the RECORD thrown in. We never receive enough to pay the cost of publication direct, but should be glad if our friends would help us in this matter by prompt payment, regarding it more as a help to the good work.

THE TITLE.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."

'Twas at the heavenly gate he stood—
That child so bright and fair :
With face so beautiful and good,
He seemed to've come from there.

He knocked for entrance ; and there came
An angel clothed in white :
Humility—her face and name
The index of her heart.

The child looked up with trustful face,
And, as he looked, he said :
" Permit me to come in, for grace
My pardon it has sealed."

The angel looked upon the child,
So beautiful and pure ;

And then she asked, with accents mild :
" And is your title sure ?"

He clasped his hands in prayer and said :
" This is my only plea—
' Suffer the children, and forbid
Them not, to come to me.' "

Then did the angel's face with joy
Turn toward that artless child :
" Come, and thrice welcome here, sweet boy ;
Thy pardon now is sealed."

The heavenly gate then opened wide
To let the angel in,
And with her entered, too, the child,
Freed from all guilt and sin.

—N. Y. Observer.

OUR NURSERY.

WE have such a room full of little ones now, in our nursery department, as would, we know, touch the hearts of any lover of children. We wish we could introduce them to our readers in their own proper likeness. The little one with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and light complexion is one of a family of seven children whose mother is left to earn their living as best she can. She is an affectionate, pretty little one, who likes to nestle close to you as you take her in your arms. The curly black hair belongs to a little Italian child. She is motherless and her father is out of work. What to do with his child he did not know until we opened our doors to her. That black-eyed one is a German girl whose mother is working her best to support herself. She has two other children and her wages would not pay even the cheapest board in any family for her children. As we think her honest and hard-working we help her by providing a home for her little ones. That blue-eyed youngster is a perfect staver. There is no doubt but that he will always fight his way through the world. He is one of a family of three whom we shelter. That little red-headed boy was brought here by his father, who said he had no home and that the child had been abused where it had been boarding. He had to go to our hospital as soon as he entered,

for he had been shockingly neglected, but now is so well that he is with the other children. He is a bright little fellow and would make sunshine in some home. The poor little deformed boy is an orphan. With neither father nor mother he has had a sad time. When he was a mere child he fell and injured his back and now there is no probability that he will ever fully recover. The little comfortable rocker which he sits in was furnished by some dear little friends by the name of Smith, some of whom are pupils in Mr. W. Lyon's Collegiate Institute. These dear little ones cluster around any one who shows them any favor, and cling to any who will frolic with them.

A SERMON ON PUSH.

WHEN Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man: "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we all could take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning.

If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push!

Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

—Selected.

A SHORT SERMON.—An eminent clergyman in Trenton, N. J., sat in his study, some time since, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and holding up his pinched finger said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pop; how I hurt it." The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience said, "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and, as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice, "Yes you could; you might have said 'Oh!'" There was a sermon in miniature.

LITTLE FEET.

In castle hall or cottage homes,
Wherever guileless childhood roams,
Oh, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,
The purring rill, the organ's power,
All stir the soul, but none so deep
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,
To meet the world and brave its scorn,
A down the walk so neat
We see the prints of little feet,

At eve, when homeward we repair,
With aching limb and brow of care,
The voices sing out clear and sweet,
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,
The tools are spirited away,
And when we go the lost to seek,
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel Death hath come,
And calls these flowers from our home,
Oppressive silence reigns complete;
We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,
No doors go slamming all the day;
But oh! 'twould give us pleasure sweet,
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night has come, all are asleep;
Yes, all but me; I vigil keep.
Hush, hush, my heart, and cease to beat;
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'twas the softened tread
Of him you miss and mourn as dead,
And often in your sweetest sleep,
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And you approach that blissful shore,
The first to run your soul to greet,
Will be your darling's little feet.

—Selected.

IN MEMORIAM.

DURING the past month the House of Industry has lost by death two members of the Board of Incorporators, Messrs. Rudolph A. Witthaus and Wallace E. Caldwell. Mr. Witthaus has been connected officially with this Institution since 1858, and has been an auditor of our accounts since 1859. He was prompt and painstaking in his labors in our behalf, and his zeal for the interests of the House of Industry was such that he never lost an opportunity of advocating our cause. We shall miss his cheery voice and hearty salutation.

We cut from the *Tribune* a notice of his funeral, which we attended, as a tribute to the memory of a genial friend:

FUNERAL OF RUDOLPH A. WITTHAUS.

The funeral services of Rudolph A. Witthaus, a prominent merchant of this city, who died at his residence, No. 81 West Thirty-fourth St., on Monday, were held yesterday morning at the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, at Fourth Ave. and Twenty-first St. The Rev. E. A. Washburn conducted the exercises. The church was well filled with the relatives and friends of the deceased man. The floral decorations, which were profuse, were of beautiful designs, and consisted of wreaths, crosses, and tastefully arranged baskets of violets and immortelles. A special feature was a floral shaft, ten feet in height,

surmounted by a white dove; this was situated at the head of the center aisle. After the services were concluded, the coffin was removed to Greenwood Cemetery for interment. Mr. Witthaus, at the time of his death, was in the 62d year of his age. He was highly esteemed as an energetic and honorable man, and was a member of the Chamber of Commerce. During the late rebellion he assisted in raising a German regiment, to which he presented a stand of colors. He was among the heaviest real estate owners in the city. His son, R. A. Witthaus, jr., has been noted as probably the most enthusiastic and successful student of physiological chemistry in the medical profession in this country.

Mr. Caldwell has been a member of the Board since 1857. Since his election he removed his residence to Brooklyn, and his interest in the House of Industry was somewhat transferred to his city of residence. The *Times* has the following notice of his funeral:

FUNERAL OF MR. WALLACE E. CALDWELL.

The funeral services of Mr. Wallace E. Caldwell, an officer in Plymouth Church, and well known as the usher who had charge of the Plymouth members at the scandal trial, took place yesterday afternoon in Plymouth Church. The body, which was inclosed in a casket covered with fine black cloth and silver mounted, was borne through the church, followed by the relatives, while the organist played a dirge, and was placed in front of the pulpit, on which were a number of floral contributions, three of which bore respectively the words in violets, "Wallace," "Rest," "Father." The family, consisting of the widow, three sons, and a daughter, other relatives of the deceased, and the pall-bearers sat in adjoining seats near the casket. The pall-bearers were Edward E. Bowen, Camden C. Dike, James How, Ripley W. Ropes, William P. Libby, H. C. Hurlbert, F. H. Trewbridge, and John McDonald. After prayer by Mr. Beecher, the choir sung "Nearer my God to Thee." Mr. Beecher, in a brief discourse, paid a high tribute to the character of Mr. Caldwell, saying that he was an extremely active man, of generous and kindly feelings, whose loss would be keenly felt by many whom he had aided and relieved. At the conclusion of the discourse the congregation took a last look at their departed brother. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

I SPEND several hours every week with a company of children who may fairly be ranked under the title "neglected." They are not over clean. Their clothing is thin and rather promiscuous. Half the time they are probably very cold, and the other half hungry. Their fathers and mothers are poor, are unfortunate, are sometimes drunken; and some of those little ones are familiar with sights and sounds which would frighten the delicate, high-bred, beautiful girls who find it a labor of love, every week, to teach them to sew.

But my experience with these little specimens of the tenement and the street has been that, considering their opportunities, they are very docile. They blossom out under loving influences as your hyacinth does when you take the bulb

from the cellar and set it in the sunny south window. They repeat Bible verses and hymns, and sing—why, they sing as if they had never known a trouble or a care.

Several times the thought has come to me, "Are these the only neglected children?" Not a very original thought, perhaps, but one we mothers would do well to ponder oftener than we do. It is a dreary day for the maternal heart when it takes up that desolate refrain: "They made me the keeper of the vineyard but my own vineyard have I not kept."

A child, coming into the world by no volition of its own, surely has the right to claim the care and protection of its father and mother. They are not released from this claim by an exterior circumstance. Whether they live in Rag Fair or Fifth avenue, they are equally bound to take the best care they can of their own offspring. To do Rag Fair justice, it is not half so anxious to shirk its responsibility in the matter as Fifth avenue often is.

No matter how many subordinates your purse can employ, you are yourself, being a parent, your child's first and best guardian. But society, business, and the church make many demands upon your time. Even so. Meet them if you can; but if you must choose which to give your best to, and which to give your second-best, and which to let go by the board, let home and children have the freshness, the first of the day, and the closest brooding of the heart.

I have known a family of dear little children, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring, like the man in the parable, sumptuously every day, who were almost as badly off as Lazarus in the same. They were wholly under the care and influence of illiterate, vulgar and unprincipled servants, their mother being too much engaged with company, friends and benevolent enterprises to do more than give them a kiss once or twice a day, and sometimes, when they vexed her, a scolding or a slap. The mother, a brilliant and educated and most fascinating lady. By and by she is ashamed of her children, who are boors, unpolished, unmannerly and ungrammatical. What wonder? They were neglected, and nothing else could have been expected. Seven times one are seven. You cannot make it nine, to save your life.

Some mothers neglect their children through the care they take of their outward appearance. Come what will, they must have so many little frocks, and so many little aprons, so many pies and cakes too, on the table, and so much luxury in the furnishing and adorning of their homes. Somebody and something must be put off, and turned aside, and it is very likely to be the little Kitty or Johnny, who is, after all, the occasion of the parents greatest pride and anxiety! It is a terrible thing though, when you really sit down and think about it, that a child living, breathing, sentient, and immortal, should ever be considered as merely a clothes-pole, or a centre-piece for vain display!

The class who upon the whole get the least notice taken of them, and are oftenest snubbed and hurt, are the boys. The ordinary, commonplace ones I mean, who are especially brilliant in nothing, and who are at the awkward, obtrusive age, when their feet and hands are big, and they seem to have a talent for forever being in the way. Their very faces have lost the sweetness of babyhood, and have not gained the meaning of manhood. Nobody has much patience with them, and the house is so much stiller when they are out of it, that

even mother does not ask where they are when they slink out of sight, perhaps, after supper, God help them! Many a boy might be saved from a period of wild and reckless dissipation if only there was somebody who could see the better part of him, and care enough for it to endure the rougher outside and to help him along. There are plenty of neglected boys who wear good warm clothes and have shoes on their feet. Is there one that we know? If so, let us take compassion on him.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Christian Union.*

HOW OLD?

"How old are you?" A child whose eyes
Still hold some hint of heaven's far skies,
Some memory of the life they knew
Ere earth-life dawned upon their view,
Climbs up into my lap to say,
"How old are you?" this winter day.

Dear child, how can I answer you,
And make my answer seem most true?
For if I count my life by years,

And not by sorrow and by tears,
Then I am not so old to-day
As some whose youth has slipped away.

But, child, if I should count my life
By sorrow and by bitter strife,
By tears that fell when dear ones died,
By pain and loss, and love denied,
Oh child with hair like morning's gold!
Then I have grown so old—so old!

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Herald of Health.*

THANKS.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Lyon and the pupils of their school, for a generous donation to the House of Industry. For several years past we have received an invitation to spend an hour annually with the school in their rooms. Singing and recitations on our part, with reading compositions on the part of the pupils of the school, have filled up very pleasantly an hour, and we think it has been profitable on both sides.

We are also grateful to quite a number of friends, who, though they do not come often to see us yet keep us in remembrance, as the following note will illustrate :

WASHINGTON. D. C.

DEAR FRIEND BARNARD :

I have not lost sight of you for these many months. No ; in these times, when capitalists have seen their property shrink one-half in a comparatively few years and when rich merchants were not making nearly as much as their clerks, and when, I may add, that my little property, though invested with care, shrunk 25 per cent in one year, I very naturally wish myself more clearly laying up treasures above, as you and your wife are doing, by self-denying labor in the footsteps of the Master. But recent events indicate that the long ebb-tide is turning and business promises to improve, so I anticipate the pleasure of helping, to the extent of my humble ability, and of encouraging you and the inmates of the House by occasional donations of wearing apparel. You perhaps received a small package last week, and I hope to send more and influence others, later in the season.

Truly yours,

D. D. A.

THE GRACE OF GENTLEMANLINESS.

I CALL your attention to the significant feature of religion as you will find it set forth in the Epistles as well as the life of Christ, if you look them through—its *gentlemanliness*. I know of no other word that will express the idea. Not only were the apostles themselves—and Paul conspicuously—men of the utmost courtesy, in the highest sense of the word, but there is not a vulgarizing maxim in the New Testament. There is not one that looks toward vulgarity. There is not one that the most polished and noble soul does not feel to be the expression of its highest want. “Mind not high things,” said Paul, “but condescend to men of low estate.”

Therefore, if you see a plain man, speak to him. He is not of your sort; he does not follow your congenial avocation; your hands are white and his are red; yours are delicate and his are rude; but it is not the hand that you are saluting: it is the heart, for which Christ died. So speak kindly to him. “But,” you say, “do you suppose I’m going to put myself on a level with a low-bred boy?” No, make yourself superior to him. Speak to him more kindly than any other man can. Be more sympathetic toward him than any other man can be. That is true aristocracy—the aristocracy of the heart. The more God has blessed you, the more you need to go down. When we are prospered, we tend to drift away from the great heart of humanity; we tend to get further and further from the lower range of sympathy; and we need to touch the ground again. It is necessary for a man’s health that he should feel mother-earth every day. Dust you are, dust you came from, dust you will return to; and there is a lesson in dirt, if men will only choose the right kind, and use it in the right way. Speak, then, to the man that takes ashes out of your house. Make him feel that somebody thinks of him, and that that somebody is you. And do not forget your seamstress, your servants, your driver. And do not think of them by these names. Do not think of people by the service-badge that they wear. The man that you call your driver, is not your driver: he is your brother-man. Driving is his function; but he is not a driver. We come to think of men by outside names, and not by inside substance and inside feeling. But this ought not to be so. And in proportion as men are poorer and obscurer than you are, be more particular to sympathize with them, and to notice them.

I shall never forget a lesson that I received when walking down Pierrepont street one day. When this church was being built, I became acquainted with one of the carpenters—a plain man—who worked upon it; and I had many chats with him afterward. That day, being a Christian (sometimes I am not one), when I met him, as he came down the street, I stopped and spoke to him, and shook hands with him. And giving me, as I noticed, a peculiar look, and keeping hold of my hand, he said, “Now, sir, you do not know how much good this does me.” “What?” said I. “Well, your speaking to me, and shaking hands with me.” Said he, “I shall go home to-night, and say to my wife, ‘I met Mr. Beecher to-day.’” “Ah!” she will say, “What did he say?” and the children will look up, too. And I will tell them, ‘He stopped and shook hands with me, and asked if I was getting along well.’ And they will talk about that for a week.

You folks that live up here have no idea how much good it does a plain man to be noticed, and to be made to feel that he is not a nobody." I owe that man a good many sermons for that sermon which he preached to me.

Now, when you go over to New York, there is the ticket-man at the gate. He is your brother. And there is the engineer down in the bowels of the hold, if you see him. And there is the pilot. Nobody speaks to those pilots. In storm and in calm, they hold in their hands the safety and the lives of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children; and they do it so skillfully, and so kindly, and so well, that you do not even think that they do it. And when I think of the vast amount of carriage of human freight which there is on our thoroughfares, instead of cursing the pilots and engineers for the occasional accidents which happen, I thank God that we have men who, in the main, are so able, so faithful, and so careful of this precious treasure which is committed to their trust.

Is there a man in a cooper's-shop, in a tin-shop, or at an anvil, that is working for you? and do you think of him as you ought? Do you say that he gets his money? That does not pay him. No man is paid for service faithfully performed for you until you have coined something out of your heart to pay him with. Money does not reward service.

And do not forget little children. Of course children are loved in families where they belong; and of course all sweet children on the street are liked. Who ever saw a doll-dressed child, with one of those bewitching little red saccos or hoods on, that did not want to catch it up and kiss it? But then, there are a great many children that are dressed raggedly. There are a great many children with bad eyes. There are a great many children that do not keep their faces clean. I do not admire the dirt, but they are *children*; and they need that somebody should make them feel self-respect; and if you snub them, if you curse them, who will take care of them? Their parents at home evidently do not do it, or are unable to do it. Be kind to children; and be kind to them in proportion as they are needy. If you take ragamuffins into your house; if on New Year's Day you make extra preparation, and let it be known, and the street boys all find out that there is a basket of oranges waiting for them, and they come, and you give them a warm welcome, you preach to them such a sermon as you cannot preach to them in any other way. They are not able to understand anything else so well as that. They will make you trouble; they will offend your taste; they will soil your carpets; they will do many things which your children would not do in your neighbor's house; but it is the misfortune of the ignorant that they do not know how to behave; and somebody must teach them. And while you speak to all a kind word, especially speak to those that need speaking to most.

I frequently see an irruption from Farnam street on to Columbia Heights. We, you know, live on *Columbia Heights*; and what business have these rough, stamping boys to invade aristocracy? They come up, ten, twelve of them at a time, and sweep the street of all the puny children that live there. And often they come with yells, and halloos, and rattling kettles; and all manner of disturbances. And we look up and down the street, and say, "Where is the policeman?"—for it is sometimes necessary to maintain order by appealing to the officers of the law. And yet, I say to myself, "I wish some of those boys were

mine. What a physique ! That head has substance in it ! That head ought to go to Congress—I mean, to the Senate !” And as I look at them I see a future in them. I see power in them. I see much to admire, as well as some things to deprecate, in them. And really, my heart turns toward the boys.

I would that this were the case more. I would that I were not so much dependent on moods. I would that my feelings did not depend so much upon sunshiny days and gloomy days. I would that I were not so much subject to introversion, I would that I were not so much absorbed by my occupation. But we are all infirm in these things. And yet, if we have this idea of brotherhood, and are seeking to carry it out, it is not a little.

—H. W. Beecher, in *Plymouth Pulpit*.

THE MELTING OF THE SNOW.

I stood by the open window,
This beautiful spring-like day,
And watched the wearisome drifts of snow
As under the sun they lay ;
And heard, with a thrill of gladness,
Down falling from the eaves,
The pattering of the snow drops ;
Quoth I, “ Old Winter grieves,
All these are the tears he is shedding
To think that his reign is done,
That his chilling blast is not long to last,
But must yield to the potent sun.”

The songs of beautiful birds,
The budding of beautiful flowers,
The warming rays of the golden sun
That gladden the spring-time hours,
And all that makes earth glorious,
And all that makes her fair,
Were sung in that mystic melody,
That anthem strange and rare.
All these and more did the glad drops sing
As they struck the ground below,
And my heart kept time with the glad some
With the melting of the snow. [rhyme,

—Frank Foxcroft.

CHRISTIAN TACT.

How much we Christians need tact ! I cannot give a better illustration of what I mean than by telling you what has come under my own observation in the city of New York, and how, by a little tact, a great work has been wrought for Christ down on the docks and wharves of the city. A good Christian brother, living in the upper part of the city, whose custom it was to go, Sabbath after Sabbath, to visit those wharves, saw those who were idling away their time there, and sought to do them some good, for Christ's sake. One day he met one of the rogues of New York, a man notorious for his wickedness, who went under a number of *aliases*, well known to the police as a river thief, who had served many months in the penitentiary. This good Christian brother went up to that man, and putting his hand on his shoulder said :—

“ My brother, do you love Christ ? Are you in the Ark of safety ? ”

This man turned upon him with all the boldness of sin, and replied :—

“ You are a pretty nice man to talk to me in this way. It is the way you Christians do. I want to see you put your religion in practice.”

It was a cold day ; the man was shivering and hungry, and my friend had on two coats.

“ Show me some of your religion by giving me one of your coats.”

“ I will do it, brother,” was the reply.

And he took off his coat quick as I can say it, and put it on the shoulders of this poor man. The astonished man took the coat off and said :

"I was only joking. I wanted to see how far you would carry the love of Christ. I see you are a Christian man. What do you want me to do?"

"Ah," said my brother, "I want you to come to Christ and to the prayer-meeting this afternoon. Will you?"

"Yes, I will!"

And that man became a Christian. He was so notorious in the past for living such a wicked life, that when he applied for admission into the church in that neighborhood, they would not receive him at once, and he was put on probation.

He led an humble, consistent life for nearly a year. This good brother clung to him, prayed and talked with him, till at the end of eight months he gave such real evidence of his conversion that he was received into the church. God has since made use of that man in accomplishing a glorious work in our city. He is to-day living in Water Street, one of the worst places in the city, carrying on, together with his good wife, a work for Christ; and their influence over their old companions, over sailors, bad men and bad women, is sometimes wonderful. I never attended in my life such meetings as I see when I go there. Now, my dear friends, this is an illustration of tact, and that is what we want.

—*Morris K. Jesup.*

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?

WHEN walking out some summer's day,

What if a little bird should call,
And on your shoulder perch and say,
"Speak well of all, or not at all,"

What would you think?

What if you chased and caught for fun

An airy, gaudy butterfly;
And on its wings there in the sun
You plainly saw the words, "Don't lie!"
What would you think?

What if you watched an opening rose

Spread all its petals to the air,
And to your wondering gaze disclose
Two little warning words, "Don't swear!"
What would you think?

What if you sought to rob the birds,
And hunted for their nests with zeal,
But found each egg traced o'er with words
As plain as print, "Dear boy, don't steal!"
What would you think?

"Proxy," in Christian Union.

HOSPITAL.

THE room now is not very much filled up with patients. No severe cases, but the scrofulous tendencies of many of them keep them on the sick list. We so often see the exemplification of the truth of the divine law that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, for many a sufferer here has been in sickness because of hereditary tendencies of disease. During the past year we have had but five deaths in the House, out of a total number of more than six hundred inmates, which shows well, we feel, for our bill of health.

JUDGE NOT.

'JUDGE not;" the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar; brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some eternal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou dar'st to despise,
May be the angle's slackened hand
Has suffered it that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings

And judge none lost, but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the light of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
His soul to God in after days.

—Selected.

A SPELLING EXERCISE.

THE person who evolved the following fearful and wonderful exercise from the depths of the dictionary, should have a medal; and the person who can go through it correctly with his eyes shut, should have another and bigger one. Try it:

The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannise over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Saducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of "Gypsy," went into ecstasies of ecstination at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn und Kysciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-plum of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominos, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woolen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally recurring idiosyncrasy), wotully uttered this apothegm; "Life is chequered; but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villany shall be punished." The sibyl apoloizingly answered: "There is a ratable and allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis." We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion.

He that would commune *much* with God, must commune *little* with the world.
—James iv. 4.

Money Received for Record, from March 1 to April 1, 1877.

Agnew, Alex. McL.....	\$1 00	Mayer, C., Indianapolis, Ind.....	\$2 00
Cary, John G., Boston, Mass.....	3 00	Slater, E. T., Knowlesville, N. Y.....	2 00
Fenn, John, Tremont, N. Y.....	2 25	Sharp, Frank C., West Hoboken, N. J.....	1 00
Harris, Mrs. Clark, Wardshoro, Vt.....	1 00	Warner, Mrs. C. D., Red Bank, N. J.....	1 00
Hogbin, Mrs. Hannah, Fairton, N. J.....	1 00		

Money Received from March 1 to April 1, 1877.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."
 "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."
 "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city, are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

Brown, Stewart H., Liverpool, England.....	\$50 00	Rexford, F. L., Sherburne, N. Y.....	\$ 1 00
Burr, W. L., Saugatuck, Conn.....	10 00	Ross, D., Leith, Canada.....	5 00
Fletcher, W. A., Whitinsville Mass.....	2 00	" " " special cases.....	5 00
Kerr, W. C., Raleigh, N. C.....	5 00	" " " prem. on gold... 1 20	
Lockwood, Mrs. M. D., Binghampton.....	5 00	Scholars M. W. Lyon's Collegiate School, 29 10	
Lockwood, Miss T. D., ".....	5 00	Sunday Collection, March 4th.....	4 77
Mead, Mary J., bequest.....	17 77	" " " 11th.....	8 20
Miss C. L. W., for special cases.....	200 00	" " " 18th.....	6 51
Mrs. C. L. S.....	200 00	" " " 25th.....	8 20
Mrs. W. A.....	5 00	Van Valkenburgh, J. G., La Crosse, Wis.....	2 00
Money found in a package of pants donated	4 00	Van Valkenburgh, little Mary, savings of,	
Peck, Mrs. John, Staunton, Va.....	5 00	found in her bank after her death.....	58
Punderson, Mrs. Betsie, in memory of, from		Gage, W., N. Y.....	3 00
Mrs. A. H. Ritchie, New Haven, Ct.....	5 00	Williamson, Mrs. Stephen H., Flatbush... 2 00	

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from March 1 to April 1, 1877.

Anderson, D. D.,		Mission Band of Earnest workers, Mrs. S. C.	
pkg. stockings, gloves, and underwear.		Berdan, Manager, Roselle N. J., 19 new chemises, 11 prs. new drawers, and second-hand clothing and shoes.	
Bogert, E. C.....	pkg. clothing.	Oliphant, Mrs. Eliza, Jersey City.....	pkg. clothing.
Clark, G. T., Brooklyn.....	75 lbs. coffee.	Proudfit, R. R., Highlands, N. J.....	lot of celery.
Deuny, Poor & Co.....	samples of calico.	Quimby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H., pkg. papers.	
Dwight, Amos.....	pkg. clothing.	Sharp, Mr.....	pkg. clothing.
Friend.....	overcoat and hats.	Sloan, S.....	pkg. clothing.
Friend.....	pkg. clothing.	Smith, Charlie, Frank, Lucy, and Bertie	rocking-chair for nursery.
Friend.....	pkg. clothing.	Smith, Mrs. Pliny F., Elizabeth, N. J.....	pkg. clothing.
Griffin, Rev. G. H., Milford, Ct.....	pkg. clothing.	Van Valkenburgh & Leavitt,	lot new cloth and clothing.
Grinnell, Mrs. G. B., 7 flannel skirts, 12 prs. night-drawers, 21 aprons, 1 dress, all new.		Williamson, Mrs. Stephen H., Flatbush, L. I.,	pkg. clothing.
Henderson, Mrs. Ettie, Long Branch,		24 Clinton Place.....	bread.
lot of clothing.		24 So, Oxford St., Brooklyn.....	pkg. shoes.
Henle, F.....	lot of clothing.	59 W. 48th St.....	2 pkgs. clothing.
Jones, C. N.....	pkg. clothing.	129 West 21st Street.....	pkg. clothing.
Knowlton, Mrs. Geo. W., West Upton, Mass.,		255 Madison Avenue.....	lot of clothing.
box shoes and stockings.			
Lee, E. J., Brooklyn.....	pkg. clothing.		
Louazon, P.....	bread.		
Lyon, Mrs. M. W.....	pkg. shoes.		
Merchants' Lunch.....	bread.		

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